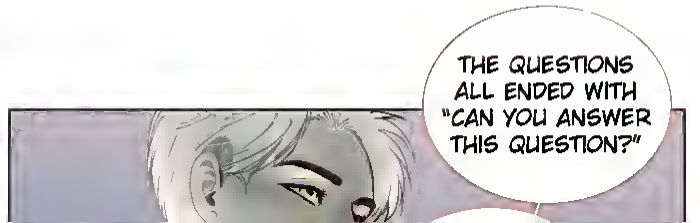
ep. 39

Nightmare F*ck-me-up

Back in
Nightmare Factory...

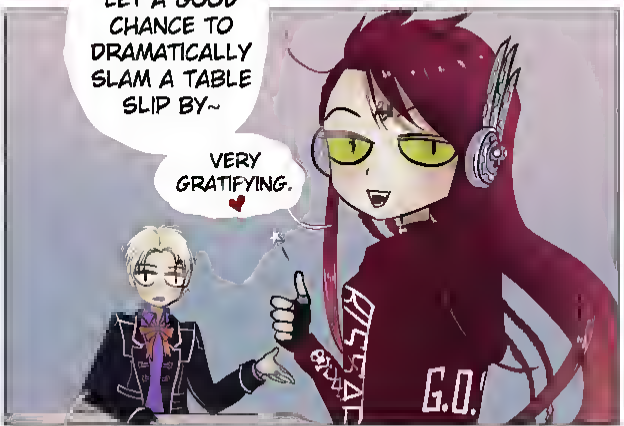


THEY WERE ALL "YES" OR "NO" ANSWERS; WHICH YOU FAILED TO DO.
YOU CHEATING SHLUT!* (SLUT)
SLAM
JUST KIDDING. I'M NOT EVEN

MAD. THAT'S QUITE CRAFTY OF YOU.

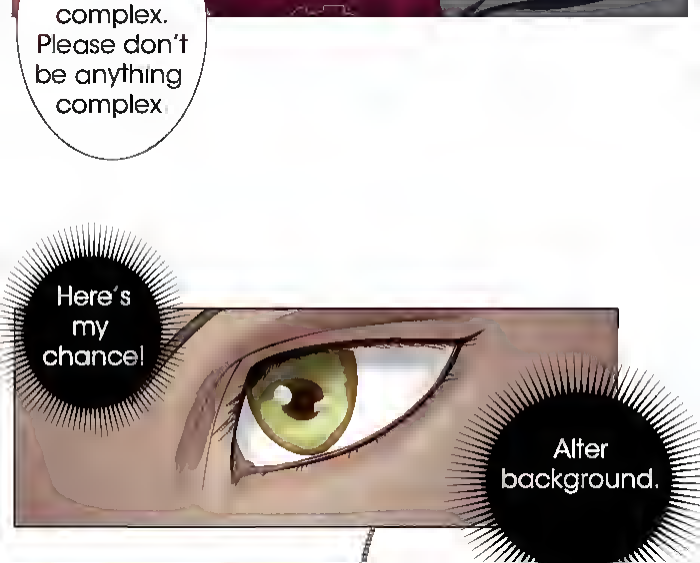
BUT I NEVER LET A GOOD CHANCE TO DRAMATICALLY SLAM A TABLE SLIP BY~

VERY GRATIFYING.



THANKS FOR THE APPRECIATION, ANA/SARAH— WHATEVER. ANYWAYS, YOU OWE ME A FAVOR.

Please don't be anything complex. Please don't be anything complex



I fantasized abaut a mament like this aver and aver in my head.

Please dan't screw this up, Phirre.

I shauld dictate my wards carefully ta appeal ta this erratic deity.

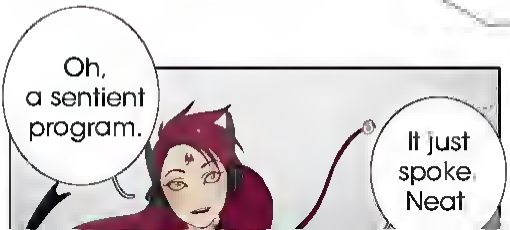
(Phirre's actual attire, off Game Master duty.)

Oh, you ungrateful brat. I have never held you captive in a cage!

He's creating false illusions to tug your heartstrings. Beware of

his honeyed lies!

Honeyed? If anything I'm bitter as hell!
You imprisoned me in Nightmare Factory for 127 years, 9 months, 20 days now.
I can't leave this place for another 373 years or unless I'm dead. If that isn't detaining me in a cage, what is? Huh?



And you...
Are you my suicidal siren?
I get notified every time a death within my jurisdiction occurs

Awhile back, I kept getting informed of someone killing themselves... They'd die then suddenly the notification would vanish.
The location was never specified.
It was so annoying! Was it you?

This metal cage is so flimsy...

You can sneeze and it'd shatter

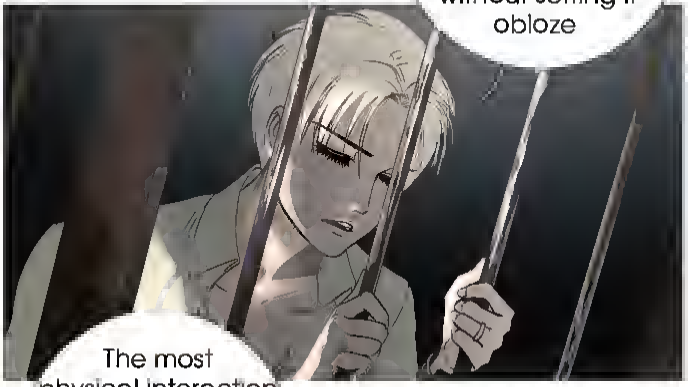
It's an illusion to illustrate my situation

Look, long story short, I was made the Game Master for this Nightmare Factory system against my will.

I can't stand being here a second longer. Get. Me. Out.

The only sociolizing I'm ollowed is while I'm tormenting others.

Due to my siren's outomotic protection, I con't even touch onything without setting it obloze



The most physicol interoction I've hod in o long while is when someone

rips my beating heort out of my chest

I've been deprived of physicol ond mentol contoct for so long, I octuolly find delight in your oggrovoting compony ..

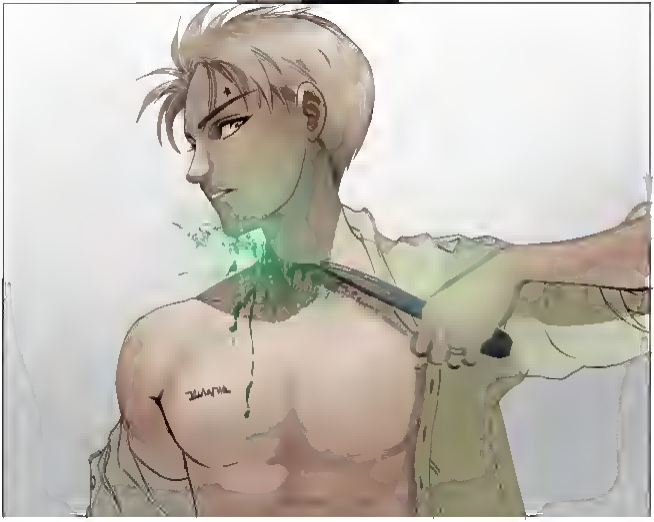
Holy sh*t, is this whot a touch feel like?
They're not burning up? Ah, a Guide of Souls techinicolly isn't olive, I guess?
Unhond me, plebeion. I have

standards
swoosh
You lil' shiet. I just wanted to see the burny-thingy.

Anyways, the contract
to be Nightmare Factory's
Game Master expires either:

A. Game Master's death.
B. 500 years from the
moment the contract is "signed".

Sometimes,
I would...



I wanted to summon a Death God. Maybe, hopefully, piss them off into demolishing Nightmare Factory system... or something

Or maybe strike a deal? I'm

really nat sure. I just dan't want ta be here anymare.

But I dan't die. I dan't f*cking die.

I'd just pass aut far a few haurs, ar days, and my bady wauld heal autamatically.

Eventually,
simply ta annay the system,
I'd just gut myself and be
uncansciaus far a few
days, unable ta wark.

The system eventually put
an autamatic pratectian,
nullifying ar turning all
weapans within a few
inches praximity af my
bady inta useless flawers.

That was definitely ta
prevent me fram hurting
myself.

Lexicon: A person's vocobulory, longuoge, bronch of knowledge.
Nullify: To moke something ineffective.
Jurisdiction: the officiol power to moke legol decisions ond judgments. The territory or sphere of octivity where someone hos legol outhority over.
Plebeion: A commoner.
Errotic: Irregulor, unpredictoble.
Prose: Written or spoken longuoge in ordinory form.

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A BOBA TEA A MONTH?

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THE BEST THING ABOUT THIS EP IS THE BOBA TEA DRAWING lulz...

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